

**COPY of a LETTER,**  
**W R O T E   B Y**  
**A YOUNG SHEPHERD,**  
**TO HIS FRIEND,**  
**I N**  
**BORROWDALE.**

**A New EDITION.**

**To which is added,**  
**A GLOSSARY of the**  
**CUMBERLAND WORDS.**

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**P E N R I T H :**

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W R O T E N

A YOUNG SHEPHERD,

TO HIS FRIEND

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A NEW EDITION

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE favourable Reception this following Production of an Ingenious Cumbrian Youth met with on its first Appearance, and the repeated calls for it since out of print, will, it is hoped, be a sufficient Apology for reprinting thereof.

A Glossary is added for the Assistance of such as have never been much conversant in the Dialect of this Part of our Island, and to whom without such Explanation, many of our Provincial words might be wholly unintelligible. The present Editor thinks it his Duty to acknowledge that for the last Part he is indebted to the Ingenious Mr. CLARKE, from whose History of Cumberland the Explanations are chiefly taken.







COPY of a LETTER, &c.

FRIEND,

I send te thisan, to tell thee a-mackily what dreedful fine things I saw ith' rwoad tuv an at yon Dublin, an t' hardships ive bidden. I set forrat o midsummer day, an gat to White-hebben, a girt seaside town, whare sea nags eats cwols out o rack hurrys, like as barrels dus yal drink. I think-sea nags is nut varry wild, for tha winter them i girt foalds wi out yats, an as I was luikin about to gang to Ireland, i saw twea dussen o fellows myakin a sea nag tedder styake ov iron; I ast yan o them if I cud git ridin to Dublin? an a man in a three nuikt hat, at knackt like rotten sticks, telt me I mud gang wid him, for a thing they caw tide, like t' post oth land, was gangin an waddent stay o nea body niver. Than four men in a lile sea nag a swoal

A 3

I think.



I think at thay cawt a bwoat, heltert our nag  
 an led it out oth fwoald, than our nag slipt t'  
 helter an ran away; but tha hang up a deal  
 ov wind clyaths like blinder brydals, wi  
 hundreds a ryapes for rines. Land ran a-  
 way and left us, an our nag had eaten sea  
 menmy cwols it was cowdy, an cantert up wi  
 tya end an down wi tudder; I turnt as seek  
 as a peet, and spewt aw at iver was imma;  
 Oh wunds I was bad! I thout I sud ha deet,  
 I spewt aw cullers. Neest day efter we set  
 forrat, an island met us, tha cawt it man, I  
 wad fain a seent cumd hard tull us, but it  
 slipt away by an left us, but sum mare land  
 met us neest day efter, but it was varra shy,  
 but we followt it up, becose tha fed Dublin  
 was ont. I perswadet t' man ith three nuikt  
 hat to ourgit it if he brast his nag, an he telt  
 a fellow to twine tail ont as tha dua swine  
 or bulls, when tha carry them to bait at Kel-  
 sick, an tha wilnt gang on; than we gat to  
 Dublin presently. But I hed like tull a for-  
 gotten to tell thee sick girt black fish we  
 saw; tha inourt when tha com out oth girt  
 dub like thunner, an tha swallow land nags  
 as hens dus bigg, mappen eat sea nags when  
 tha dee. It was a nice breet mwornin when  
 wi war i Dublin bay as tha cawt, whar t' sea  
 gangs



gangs up towart land as a dog dus to th' heed  
 ov a bull. Twea men i' yan o thar bwoats  
 com to our nag side, tha cawt them paddeys;  
 yan cuddnt tell thar toke be geese; tha  
 drank heartily ov our watter, it stinkt tyu,  
 but we hed nout better to drink, fort girt  
 dubs as sote as brine, it wad pussen thee if  
 thou tyasted it; we ga them twea fellows ith  
 bwoat a helter, an tha led our nag into Dub-  
 lin as wild as twas. But o man! what a fine  
 cuntry thar was ov tudder side on us, hooses  
 as white as drip, an as rank as mice. Dublin  
 town luik'd like a girt foald full o sheep, at  
 yan cud nobbut just see t' heeds on; chym-  
 las luik'd like hworns, an kurk-steeples an  
 spires, as tha caw them, like as menny gyote  
 hworns amang tudder. Sea nags is as rank  
 i' Dublin beck as if thou was luikin at ten  
 thousand geese in a gutter. They hevnt  
 foalds for them as we heve iv England;  
 town keeps them warm i' winter, but tha  
 feed tem wi beck-sand, as tha dya at White-  
 hebben wi cwols, but nut out o rack-hurries;  
 theyve a mouth in at t' side, whore men  
 feeds tem in at, wi girt iran spuin. But  
 oh man it was lucky, I leet ov a man at went  
 to t' scuil wi me when I was a lile lad; wi  
 war deevilish thick, an he fed he wad let me



see aw things; if I hed gyan into Dublin be me sell, yan may gang fifty miles a day an nont but hoos for hoos, an like our lwonlins for lenth, yan cannot see t' yearth for pyavment nea whore; nor I sud nivver seen awld England agyan, if I hed been be me sell, I dare say, for tha ur the deevil for settin yan wrang if yan ass them. Thare's hooses tha caw public beeldins ats sea fine, I can't tell thee what tha ur like; the Parlemen-houfe, whore gentlemen gang to bate yan annudder, thare's a vast ov girt styan props oth fwor side ont; thare's a rdom wi reed furms int, whore tha feight, I luik its bluid mappen; thare was a lyle woman let us see that hoos, about four fuit hee; she was as thick as three auld mears twind togidder; I wondert at she duddnt grow heer, leevin in a hoos twenty or thirty fuit hee, but she was as bryad as a haycock. Anenst it about a styan throw off Parlemen-hoos, was collership-hoos, its a bigger plyace ner tudder; if thou was iver in a plyace whore girt crags hing our ov aw sides o'the, it wad be like t' square as tha cawt, ith middle o'th Col-lership-hooses; fwok at I saw there war t' myast o' them as black as deevils; it far-tainly isn't hell? but tha say they git deed  
fwoks



fwoks out o' thar graves. I think its true, for I saw a varst o' deed fwoks byant, an sum lockt up i' glafs coffins, wi' flesh on, an tha had barns and bits o' flesh persirv'd i' bottles as fwok dus berries. There was a fellow wid a bunch o' keys, at oppent locks an duirs as fast as luik, it miyad me think oth Rebelations, whore yan needs oth keys o' deeth an hell: Thou mappen understands that plyace. We war in a plyace tha caw Musium, whore thare's aw things ats comikal, a thoufan things at tow niver saw, ner I can caw; there war muse-deer hworns as bryad as our back-bword, an bits ov ow manner ov whorns; I cannot tell the what, but thare's t' whorns nyamd ith Rebelations, an weel hev a varst o' toke fra I be yable to cum and lee thee.

I was at a plyate tha caw Common Exchange, whore fwok fra aw nuiks oth world, meet togidder, to bye an sell aw things at iver thou can nyam, t' midst ont's like a bee-hive, but stands o' top ov lang freestar legs wid a girt round winda ith crown ont, an like a wide hoos round about legs, at covers as mikel ground as t' tarn at t' Gowd-Arks inn, thou kenst. I saw a plyace tha caw  
cassel



cassel, whore a man they caw Tennant-leevis  
 he's stuart ov Ierlan for our king; t' lword  
 meer ov Dublin's his heed sarvent, an fwok  
 fed he went throo hell to kurk ivry funday,  
 I thout it hed been sum street lwonnin map-  
 pen, at thad caw sea, but I fairly saw him  
 stannin like a duir steed, rais'd about twea  
 yerds o' th' yearth, but I think he was chaind  
 tuth spot, becofe he dudnt stur, mappen dexd,  
 but it was a durk black lwonnin coverd our  
 wi black hooses, an I perswadet my fuit to  
 carry me a guid way off sick curositys, for I  
 was amyast freetint to deeth: But it was  
 varra weel I had strenth to run away; now  
 thou may be sure I gev my comrad a  
 deevilish deffin for trailin me throo hell, he's  
 flait o nout, but carry't me to parish-kurk,  
 its as big as town for girtness, an as menny  
 fwok at it, there was hoaf a dussen o priests  
 at wark, but weed nobbut staid a bit when  
 summet tha cawt roworgins began a beelin  
 like a hundred mad bulls, an as menny lile  
 lads ithar sarks began a screemin murder.  
 I think, for ivry beel was like thunner; my  
 feet than carr't me without perswadin, in a  
 calleevir ourf wok an aw at iver was imme  
 way, till I gat intul a girt feeld a mile aboot,  
 tha cawd it Steben's Green, I think efter a  
 man



man on a girt gray nag, at was stannan a top  
 on a lile hoos it midst ont; heed his sword  
 drawn; but he durstnt git off for want o  
 room; I think tha sed heed becn freetent as  
 I was, but I was sea freetent I hardly knew  
 what I dud or sed, but I saw anudder man  
 a top ov a lile hoos, ith midst ov a girt street  
 lwonnin; I think they wer brudders, for  
 their cwoats was like a flyated hoos fide, an  
 tha wer as pale as deeth ith fyace like me sell;  
 round t' swoar cawd feeld was t' finist gravel  
 gyat thou iver slept on, an thar was hundreds  
 an thousans o fwok stavlan about ont. I  
 began to be as mad as I was at cwolly when  
 it brack t' neck oth bell-wether, at tha wad-  
 dent help t' man an his nag down when it  
 was amyast dark; I was mad an swet for feer,  
 an durst nut say a word, becose there was  
 sea menny three nuikt hat men theer; an  
 lyadies as tha caw tham (I'd better a been i  
 Bosrodale). I hev' oft thoutht sen if we had  
 yan o them lyadies amang our bigg she wad  
 sarra to keek t' crows-oft bravely. I ast a  
 man at I kent what wast matter wi sum oth  
 wummon fwok at tha war sea bryad tea  
 way, an he telt me it was a fashon to weer  
 huips; nut a badden nowther if it keep ther  
 legs togidder, for there war sum o them  
 varra



varra bonny, but I waddent hev yan o them  
 for a wife an shed aw Borrodale, wi out tha  
 wad do f ther huips when tha gang to bed,  
 for thar as bryad as enny bed in Borrodale,  
 an thou knos there wad be nea room but a  
 top o them, an what sleep cud yan git a top  
 ov o whick bed; hang them, thayr aw white  
 heedit like our weet-miller lasses, an tha  
 tawk an yilp like mice. I wunder what tha  
 see at fancy seek, but thave nice lile fuit,  
 maks me think thay wad pruv nimmiel ship-  
 perts ov our brant fells; an wi wad larn  
 them to soav an clip, an thair huip pockets  
 wad be varra farvicable to put a dam in ov  
 aيدر side, in a coald mwornin it spring,  
 when thair stárvt amyast, an gits lile milk,  
 but to be shwort, as our priest ses in his sar-  
 ment, I hednt time to think ov ow this when  
 I saw't, for my fuit ran wimma throo amang  
 fwok an owr fwok sea fast, I freetent them,  
 they thout that oth donnot was imme, they  
 mud o thout reet if they'd thout at t' donnat  
 had setten me forrat, for if tha keep seek  
 farlies o purpos to freeten twoks thare's nea  
 matter how menno o them be trodden to  
 deeth; but I'll promise thee I nivr stopt  
 till I gat tull a sea nag at com tuv England,

an



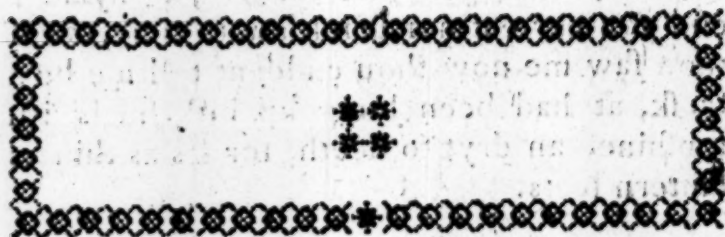
an I was seek agyan, afwore I gat hyam I  
 cud nout<sup>er</sup> eat nor drink aw th time, an if  
 thou saw me now thou cudent tell me be a  
 frosk, at had been hung up bith heels ith  
 sunshine, an dryt to deeth, for I's as thin as  
 lantern leets.

I think thou munnet expect to see me this  
 month, this is three days at hyam, an I've a  
 stomach fit to eat t' horse ehint t' saddle; I  
 git five myals o day, an a snack when I gang  
 to bed. I whop I's git strang agyan ort be  
 be lang, an than I'll cum to see thee. This  
 is nobbut like t' clock when it gis warnin to  
 strike twelve, to what I'll tell thee when  
 I cum.

My kind lyuiv tu tha, an may gyud luck  
 keep thee fra aw ats bad, an dunnet be keen  
 o gangin abroad for feer th' dunnet git thee.







# GLOSSARY,

OF THE

PROVINCIAL WORDS, &c.

**A** MACKILY, in some fashion

Ast, ask'd

Brant, steep

Bryad, broad

Brudders, brothers



Cwols, coals  
 Cawt, called  
 Cwoats, coats, garments of any kind  
 Cuddent, could not  
 Donnet, a Cumberland term for devil  
 Ehint, behind  
 Forrat, forward  
 Frofk, a frog  
 Girt, great  
 Gangin, going  
 Helter, a horse collar made of hemp, which  
 is frequently used as a bridle  
 Hworns, horns  
 Huips, hoops  
 Imma, in, or within me  
 Kurk, church  
 Lwonnins, lanes, here used for streets  
 Lile, little  
 Luive, love  
 Myakin, making, or doing  
 Mappen, perhaps  
 Mickle, much  
 Nobbut, only  
 Nuiks, corners  
 Oppent, opened  
 Ryaps, ropes  
 Sarra, serve  
 Thisan, this



Towert, towards  
 Tudder, the other  
 Varra, very  
 Waddent, would not  
 Wimma, with me  
 Yal, ale  
 Yats, gates  
 Yilp, a term used here to express the chir-  
 ping of birds, mice, &c.

**F I N I S.**

